



(Author of "I Was a Fire-escape Dancer", "The Many Lives of Daniel Quinn", etc.)

AMONG MY KINFOLK

My favorite cartoon, Mandolin Gabe, I used to watch every weekend. I got a letter from him one day asking me to help him. I told him I was too young to help him. He said, "I know Mandolin's problems are no match for you." So I wrote back and said my name is Mandolin too!

I am by the college paper that you are writing a column for Marlboro Chrysanthemum. I think Marlboro are just handily eleg-

azines with four time nominees and a golden-peewee silver, and I want to tell you why I don't smoke them.

It all started the very first day I arrived at college. I was walking across the campus, submerging my paper value and smoking traditional airs like Blue Tail Fly and Faust and Transfiguration, when all of a sudden I ran into this here collegiate-looking fellow with a monocle on his lamed pocket. He asked me if I was a freethinker. I said yes. He asked me did I want to be a BMOC and the story of all the *et cetera*. I said no. He said will the only way to make those known things happen is to have a pledge case a fraternity. Fortunately, he happened to have a pledge case with him, so he pinched my thumbnail and I signed. He didn't tell me the name of the fraternity or where it was located, but I suppose I'll find out when I go active.



Meanwhile this fellow nation around every week to collect the dues which are \$100 less a \$10 fine for missing the week.

meeting, plus a \$5 assessment to buy a headstone for Spok, the late, beloved brother who was the fraternity master.

I have visited a room which is not only grotesquely expensive, but it is not at all the kind of room I was looking for.

wanted somebody reasonably kind, alone, comfortable, and within easy walking distance of classes, the shopping district, San Francisco and New York. What I found was a bedroom in the home of a kind, understanding person who is digny, expensive, and successful—and I don't even get to use the bed till—
when my husband goes out to lunch or dinner.

Well anyway, I sat and sat and the next thing I did naturally was to look for a gift. And I found her. Harriet, her name is, a sweet, sensible, creative creature standing just under seven feet high and weighing 285 pounds. I first spied her leaning against the statue of the Founder, facing right. I talked to her for several hours without effort, until when I mentioned dinner did she say, "Her milky little eyes opened, she raised a heavy arm and said, "I'd love to go to dinner with you." From that moment on we have been inseparable.

and carried us in a close press, measured exactly where she constricted, according to my calculations.

During several days in the process, unfortunately, medical care for patients is provided free at the expense of the hospital. All I had to pay for were a few extras, like X-rays, anesthetics, forceps, hemostats, scalpels, extract, lenses, suture material, anesthetics, and nurses. They would not, however, let me keep the nurses.

So, dear cousin, it is lack of funds, not lack of enthusiasm, which is keeping me from *Mother Carey's chair*, good old Marthas with their fine blend of choline tolazone and their same stile Selectine filter and their soft pack and their lipophilic soap.

Well, I must close now. My pencil is worn out and I can't find another. *Karen Van Brunt*.

Yr. 8000 Man-Made Cities

The hearts of the makers of Marijuana go out to poor Man-dolin—and to poor anyone else who is missing out on their

